

Rambling

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Public Domain

Here we are again

I finished writing my latest collection months ago and I missed writing so here we are again. I would like to thank the ten people so far that downloaded my other collections. I like public domain because it's free. I found the software I use to write on for free download. I have a good collection of free downloads and also public domain movies and movie serials like Flash Gordon.

I enjoy writing and I found the upload button for Public Domain Archives so here we are. My work isn't polished or pro quality but its a good hobby. I do have one novel in print on demand from Authorhouse publishing. Kiss My Fate by Marc Stone 2004. The rest of my writing is in Public Domain Archives.

When I quit writing, I felt there was something missing in my life so here we are again. Thanks for reading. This will be another collection of three paragraph essays. It seems to be easy to read and write. Writing gives me something to look forward to every day and since I'm home on disability from work I needed a hobby any how. Driving a semi nation wide for twelve years was a good career but now I'm home with MS so I needed a hobby. This is what I picked. There was one year that I had a podcast called Ferrit Walk. It was an mp3 three paragraphs of imaginary adventures of Bofo and Ferrit.

Alone

I look forward to being alone. It gives me time to look for people to chat with. There's also time to do things like write and look for people to chat with. When I'm by myself I look for people from my school or church and we can play catch up. A lot happened. I was a nation wide truck driver and I was married four times. Now I'm home off work with MS. My wife is home with a back injury that made her left foot numb. We drove truck together years before we had to quit.

When she's out and I'm alone, it gives me time to catch up with my family. I like chatting with my mom. Most of the time I find myself talking about bad things. Then I thought about what it would be like to talk to me when I just talk about bad thing. I look to the Lord for grace. "God, give me strength to put up with things I don't like."

Well, I'm alone typing my rambling with music playing and my imaginary friends say "Hi." yes I took my pills. It's fun to daydream. I did tell my wife I was a mental patient when I met her. She was willing to put up with it. When I was single any by myself in a semi for weeks at a time, I did lose reality for a while. I have pills for that now. And, I did write a novel from my adventures in the dream world. So much for today's rambling.

Good Morning

I have my coffee and I had my cereal. Looking for old friends online to chit chat with happened. Then I went to write something for my rambling hobby. My dogs are here to keep me company as I ask my muses for today's topic.

Exploring my past and talking about people that really influenced me while I was growing up could take a few pages. Career choices and years of driving semi tractor trailer rig across the nation is a topic that I could expand on. Relationships of family ties or love nest are some things I have a lot to say on the topic. Then, there is the topic of tomorrow. Hard too plan ahead when I leave the choice up to someone else but I guess the only responsibility I have comes from backing up my wife's choices.

Here is an interesting topic: What's the topic? If I was sitting at a coffee shop with some old friends, what would we talk about? Remember when? Those were the days. Where do you see yourself in a few years? Well, as many times as I had my life fall apart, I learned to pick up the pieces and move on. I live though disaster and tomorrow is another day. One more time like morning coffee chit chat, thank you reader for letting me share these paragraphs with you.

Puppies Don't Need Batteries

I spend a lot of time thinking about things I did. People I grew up with are just a message away. Music I listened to is now just a click away. There are movies I saw that are now in my digital library. One thing that hasn't changed? Puppies don't need batteries.

I had a job as a nation wide truck driver. I would drive five hundred miles a day on average and then find a place to park. I would go to the bunk and put a movie in my VCR then internet would come to the truck stops. Nation wide the country USA is about three thousand miles across and it is about fifteen hundred thousand miles from North to South. I would stop and type on my novel or find a chat room on line. Married four times, I met two of my wives in chat rooms. One was in Maine and another in Pennsylvania. New Mexico was where I was from not counting that time in Florida when I was there in the Air Force. I married one girl from Pennsylvania and the other was from Chicago. But, I met them in New Mexico.

As I try to write, I live in Pennsylvania now with the wife, her son, two small dogs I call puppies and now we have three cats. My wife has a soft spot in her heart for animals. I like that about her. Technology has changed a lot over the past ten years but one thing hasn't. Puppies still don't need batteries.

Coffee

In the morning I do my chores. I take out the dogs and smoke my pipe tobacco. Then I fix myself a bowl of cereal with soy milk. Now time to make coffee. Time to see if any of my old friends are online.

Time to play catch up. A lot can happen. They all know I was a truck driver and am married and living in Pennsylvania. They have good careers. Family life is a strange notion. Seem every one had a family do over. Every one has more then one wife or husband. Divorce rates are very high. I sip or gulp my coffee and dream about family life like my folks gave me. I remember those vacation trips to see grand folks and aunts and uncles. My cousins never write. Post office delivers and I used to have pen pals. We just fell out of touch and there are no excuses not to call or write any more. The phone works two ways. They never call. I used to call three answering machines a day while drinking my coffee.

Coffee is a good friend of mine. I was thinking back to places and times I had coffee with people. I've had coffee with my grandfather. He passed on fifteen years ago and he loved his coffee. He took me too his coffee shop in this little pharmacy and he would meet his cousins there and chit chat. It was nice when he would take me. I wish I could make my life do things his life did. Then he would go to the house he was building with his thermos full. When I drove truck, I would fill up my thermos and think of my grandfather as I got ready to drive five hundred miles. Then it was time to call my three answering machines. I raise my coffee cup to my grandfather.

Free

I found music and movies for downloading in a file share site. When I tried to play them they wouldn't play. I needed to download and install codecs. Finally, I got it to play. I liked it because it was free. Soon after, I read the file share sites were getting sued so they quit. One other place I looked was public domain archives. They had movies and music from the forties. There were movie serials like Flash Gordon. I was hooked. Then I looked at the site and there was an upload button.

Well, I was doing a podcast called Ferrit Walk in mp3. Reading the three paragraphs an episode and making 12 episode collections was fun. I also had albums of music I recorded and put in Itunes. So, then I took a movie maker and put all my home made mp3s into movies and uploaded them all to public domain archives. Writing three paragraphs became my favorite hobby and I did that once a day for a long time. Now I had a collection of text files. I found some software that would convert text to PDF files. Now I could upload my little writing hobby.

When I was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis, I was home from work, I thought I could use a hobby. There was a movie I saw called "My Left Foot". The Christy Brown Story. The movie was about a man born with Muscular Dystrophy and he became a painter with his felt foot. I was inspired. Altho I couldn't type like I did in school, I could still search and peck type. I started to type my three paragraphs and it gave me something to look forward to and to look back on. And it's all free.

Psychology

I took a course in college. At the time wanted to be a marriage counselor so I could help people. A funny thing happened, I got a divorce. Since then, I was married four times. Still in my mind are the studies I read about a man who taught his dogs to drool by ringing a bell and there is a story about fish that learned not to swim in the full fish tank when they put a glass in the tank to keep the fish out of half the tank. They took out the glass after a while and the fish still didn't try to swim there.

I think about the fights with my fourth wife. She has a temper. What kind of things have I given up on in my relationships? I probably don't know all things I gave up on. Writing when I get upset only fills the page full of poison and I would rather fill the page with nice things. I know I can be a burden to the people I talk to so I try to keep the ugly things to myself. It isn't that hard to be positive.

So how was my day today? Not bad. I woke up and made the wife something to eat and took out the dogs. I have a lot to look forward to like finishing up this work and putting it up on public domain. There are some videos on the power of positive thinking. Just time to think positive.

Chores

Some of my chores are taking out the trash, dishes, and laundry. The dogs are only partly house trained and they don't go out and take care of business every time so I spend a bit of time hunting down that smell and dealing with it. If it was up to me and it isn't, I would find the dogs homes and try to keep the place dog mess free. It seems to be my lot in life to pick up after dogs and cats. It falls to me to do the cat box and pick up after dogs. Well then it goes to the trash and that's one of my chores. I should hush if I don't plan to do any thing about it.

Dishes are one of my chores too. It started out differently. I had this water filter container that goes in the fridge but I had to refill it from the sink. Well, the sink was full so I had to do the dishes so I could fill my water. Then it became my job. I also learned to cook.

Ah, laundry. I have a nasty habit of wearing the same clothes several days in a row. It's hard for me to find clothes so to cut down on searching, I'll wear them again if I'm not going anywhere. If I go some place, I hunt for fresh clothes. Funny that today is laundry day. Chores can wait a bit. Today, I'm sipping coffee and typing a bit. I haven't typed a bit for a while and I miss it.

Dark Dreams Of Afterlife

I daydream of vanquishing evil and I have many imaginary friends that inspire me to write. Now and then, I get lost in my little world. One time I wrote a novel and I had that one in print on demand. In the daydreams I had lately with my fight against evil, God was there and so were angels. I have had that daydream for years and it took a strange turn this week. God was there and he retired me from fighting evil in my daydreams. I had that daydream a lot. What to do now?

What will happen to the wonderful adventures and the imaginary people I met that joined up to fight the black art wizards. What will happen when the only thing left of the years of putting faith in the Lord with discipline and resolve to face down the evil for years are just three paragraphs in an essay collection.

Three paragraphs are all that's left. Here's to you my imaginary friends that were there for me against the evil hoards. You were there for me and I was here for you. In my daydreams, evil worlds fell and all the Lord asked was for us to stand our ground. Adventure as we learned to face then down with empty hands that disarmed our foe. God and the angels were wondering how they were going to bring light to the dark dreams of after life. The place just needed a little love and some hard work. God's will was done and now it's over. I wish you were there.

Company

The quest for somebody to spend time with seemed endless. At church and in school I had a group or two that I would hang out with. Then I found new friends in college. When I picked truck driving for a career, I would hover around the coffee bar that was in every truck stop and sit to chat with other drivers that were doing the same thing. They were looking for somebody to talk with before spending another day behind the wheel with only a phone and CB radio for company. Life would take a turn for me and I would have my wife for company tho we don't see eye to eye.

At church and school, I was in band and chorus. Puppets were also one of the things to do at church. I made good friends when I sang and played. These same people were with us on many trips and we grew very close. Then I graduated school and found the chat rooms in college they were chatting from all states in college. The company was very good. Well, college wasn't for ever and I picked truck driving for a career. I would sit at the coffee bar and compare stories about truck breakdowns and drivers that found that training new drivers had a lot of funny stories. Why did the trainee thump the tires with a tire beater? His trainer told him that lizards were in the parking lot and they eat holes in tires. That beats my story about how the tow truck hooked up to my truck after one time I broke down and didn't release my trailer breaks. The breaks caught on fire and we both emptied our fire extinguishers. We would sit around and trade stories then get back in our trucks and drive another five or six hundred miles with our phones and CB radios for company. Years later, I would get off the truck and now I only have my memories.

I am in my forties and the internet now comes with cable TV and phone. I looked in some sites online and I found some church friends and high school friends. There were friend from college chat. I sat at my computer and I would chat with them in the mornings with my coffee. My wife is here also and she is doing here online college. I have her for company. We did spend a few years driving truck together and now were home.

Weight Loss

I would drink a liter of coke every day and I would always have seconds and thirds at the buffet almost every day. On the truck I didn't get much exercise and my clothes started getting bigger. My shirts were now in two x's and my pants were in the 42's. I never thought much about how big I was getting. Then one day, I stepped on the scale at my psychiatrist office and he start talking about my diet and how my coke and eating were a problem. I was at two hundred and seventy pounds. That was when I decided to make some changes in my lifestyle.

Soon I was drinking more water and I switched to diet coke. No more tips to the buffet and I joined a weight loss program where you weigh in every week and I had a nice support group. The pounds started to come off about one pound a week. Time moved on very slowly but the pounds still came off slowly. Clothes were loose and I had to get smaller shirts. My pants were falling off me. I still like elastic waist and I always feel like there is more to lose. I still have a gut.

Well, I stepped on the scale today and I was at two hundred pounds. Looking online, I read that the good weight is under one hundred eighty-nine pounds. Eleven pounds to go. My changes in my lifestyle are: more water, I eat a breakfast to get my metabolism going, for lunch I have a meal replacement shake, I only eat half the dinner I used to. $270 \text{ minus } 200 \text{ is } 70$. I lost 70 lbs with 11 more to go. Now I realize that I am going to need to work out a bit to get rid of my gut. Any thing is possible. Then, I did spend some time on the spin bike. About 3 songs went by while I spun. It has taken more then 70 weeks because the scale would quit moving at times and that let me know I needed to change my habits up because my body got used to the changes. I still feel big and I still have a ways to go.

Movies

The movies was playing and it had lots of fight scenes and explosions. It wasn't my type of movie. I do enjoy super hero movies because I read a lot of comics when I was younger. Magic and humor movies are nice but I also like a good comedy.

There was a lot to choose from on cable yesterday but I really wasn't interested in them. I finally settled on a movie about jousting in old England. The music with the movies was very good. When the movie was over, I felt like I actually did something today. This is one of the reasons I write. I write so I can feel like I did something today.

Most of the time, I will have the TV on for background noise but for that matter, I listen to music all day. Now and then a movie will seem interesting and I will sit and watch it but most of the movies I like are twenty years old.

A Good Day

Today looks like it's going to be a good day. I finished my chores and I get to sit at the laptop and type my three paragraphs for the day. Not to sure about what topic to pick today, I picked the power of positive thinking. Deciding today was going to be good despite my daily obstacles is something I have decided to try.

I would complain about the daily grind of thing my wife nags me to do for her every morning when I am trying to find comfort. This attitude of complaining never accomplished anything good so I thought I would try without complaining and maybe my day would go nicer.

If I was going to think of nice things, why stop at my wife's nagging? I have a lot to look forward to. There are just a couple days until payday and I get a small allowance to spend every month. Looking at Ebay and making a wish list is fun. Also somehow, I get the feeling that God is in a good mood when I tell him good morning. Every morning, I tell God good morning, and I get the feeling he hears me. This always puts me in a good mood. Today is going to be a good day.

Phone

I sat and wondered about today's topic. After getting done with my chores, I sat around and came up with phone for a topic. The phone was invented and it involved running wires to every house and store. There were pay phones on every corner. I would sit and call the operator for a chat if they weren't busy or maybe a friend from school. One day, I got a splitter and I ran a phone line from my folks bedroom to my room. Then I started talking to my friends a lot.

Soon, I would grow up and move out. I moved to a different state and I only called my folks once in a while. There were still holidays and birthdays. One draw back was the long distance charges.

Years went by and I got a job as a nation wide truck driver. If I wanted to talk to someone I would get a prepaid phone card and I would find a phone booth. I had a lot to say and I would call my folks from two thousand miles away. Finally, I was able to get a prepaid cell phone. Then I had a regular cell phone with monthly billing. This lead to phones today. I had a phone that would play movies, music, television, text messaging and internet. Oh, and I could also call people. My phone died a few months ago. I miss my phone. It will be a while before I can get another one.

Trucking Up

I was a truck driver for twelve years before I was sent home with MS. We had satellite communications and I would get the load assignment sent out to the truck. The light would shine red and the Qualcomm would beep. I could read the load assignment. It showed pick up town and state with appointment for pick up and then it showed delivery town and stated with delivery appointments. Then it would ask if I had enough time to make the appointments. One time they asked if I could go one thousand miles with two days to get there. I was in the habit of driving five hundred miles a day so I accepted the assignment. The first thing I did was to get out my atlas and truck stop guide. I planned the rout and planned for meals and showers. Soon, I was ready to head out to pick up the load. The first thing I did before I left was to give my equipment a quick inspection. The lights, breaks, hoses, and every thing else needed to be working before I would go. I made sure the tires were all good.

One good habit I fell into was getting there early. They were happy to see me in the shipping office and I waited my turn for a door assignment. They were running behind and I had to wait a couple of hours but it was my turn finally and I backed into the loading dock with my trailer doors open. I would watch them drive the fork lift on to the back of my trailer and load it. They had to be sure the load was balanced or it would be too heavy on one of the axles. Then when it was loaded, I would go back to the shipping office and get my paperwork. Then I would pull out of the door, close up my trailer and put a plastic seal on the door. The trailer seals had numbers and I would write the number on the paperwork. Then I headed out to a truck stop and found a set of scales to make sure the axle weight was not too heavy. Now I was ready to drive. So, I had to make a Qualcomm message that I was loaded and ready to roll. I drove for three hundred miles before one of my trailer tires blew out. When I called dispatch and told them, they told me to take it to a truck stop and get it fixed. When I got it fixed, I lost a lot of time and since I put my breakdown in time off duty in my log book, I had to drive all night. It's a good thing that I like coffee.

I got to the delivery and I was early. The receiving office heard I had a flat and might be later and they were happy to see me. Backing into the delivery dock with my seal broken and doors open, they let me sleep while they unloaded. When they were done, they came to the truck and woke me up with the paperwork. This was another job well done.

Double Vision

The first time I came down with double vision I was in a truck and I was fighting a cold. There was liquid in my inner ear that messed up my balance and gave me double vision. When I went home to get better, I saw an eye doctor. He gave me a prism to put in my glasses that was a plastic lens cover. I got better in about a week when my inner ear drained. Then I went back to work.

The next time I had double vision, I was in the truck and I needed to get home. I still had to drive. There were some paper towels and I covered one eye and drove home. I had to move my head to adjust for my blind spot and I had to be extra careful with the sides of my truck. I made it home safe though. It was tough without depth perception. Then I went to the eye doctor. The eye doctor gave me an eye patch and told me I was going to be out of work a long time. Then she sent me to an ophthalmologist. He wanted me to take a lot of test to find out what caused it.

Years went by and I took test after test. I started drawing long term disability from my insurance from work. Finally, I went to a neurologist who had me take more test. After all my negative tests, one finally came back positive. He looked at my MRI of my brain and he hooked his machine up to my leg. There were also no reflexes in my left leg. The results were in and I had Multiple Sclerosis and I was never going back to work. It took a couple of years but I finally got social security disability and now I have plenty of time for my writing hobby. I miss truck driving.

Bug The Caterpillar

One day, I was sitting outside and I saw a caterpillar crawling by on the porch. It was fuzzy and black and I was thinking to myself how one day it might turn into a nice looking moth. I took it inside and put it in a small plastic fish tank. Then I put leaves and I gave it a little water. I named him Bug.

Checking on Bug gave me a smile and I thought about how much patience it would take for me to sit while nature takes it's course. So I waited. Then I waited some more.

To make a long story short, Bug died so I took him out to the trash. I said a few kind words and looked up to Heaven. Then an apology to Bug because I didn't know how to take care of a caterpillar. Years later, I saw another caterpillar. I left that one alone.

Mental Patient

After it all ended, I can talk about it now. Driving a semi, I was alone a lot and I couldn't get my wife at the time on the phone. Imagining the worst, I was having an argument with her and she wasn't even there. The little voice in my head shut off and I was talking to myself. Then I was yelling at myself. Other voices started taking to me and I thought I was going to marry an angel. Living with my mother, she took me to the hospital and I spent a week in the psych ward getting used to meds my doctor had me on. I came back to reality and I was able to get back to my life. I called work and told them I had a release from my doctor and they told me to get back to work. My pills were over three hundred dollars a month but they kept me in reality. Somehow, my imagination never got in the way of my working for a living with only a couple of imaginary bumps in the road. When I changed jobs and they always ask that question, "Ever been a mental patient?" I just say no. They didn't need to know everything. The pills took were non-narcotic so they didn't show up on drug tests. They don't test for anti-psychotics.

One month, I ran out of pills and I thought I was in another world and I had to break curses. Finally, I got more pills and I started writing a novel. Years later, I got the book in print from print on demand. The title was available for order in large book stores and I sold five copies.

Still, when I run out of pills, I talk to God and angels. God told me he retired me from truck driving with multiple sclerosis so I could daydream for him and bring his word to the nightmares. Then one day, I was making a joyful noise to the Lord in a daydream when he said I was a faithful servant and my mission in the dreams was done. I miss my pills. There is a note from my doctor about me talking to myself. Also, I ran out of pills yesterday and I miss them. Who will I meet in my dreamworld this time?

Cars

Learning about cars came the hard way for me. I ruined my first cars by not taking care of them right. My first car was a station wagon and I had it a few years. It was waiting for me when I got out of basic and I was ready to drive it from New Mexico to Florida. I flushed out the radiator and I didn't get the clamp back on it right. While driving down the road. The hose came loose and left coolant on the road. I had it towed to a dealer where I traded what was left of it in on a VW.

The VW ran good for years but I never changed the oil. The motor burned up and I had it towed to a junk yard where they put a used motor in it. I couldn't get the car to run after that so I went to a place and I bought a beat up old smobile. The steering went out on it and I replaced the ball joints with parts I found at a junk yard. When I put it back together, I lost a pin that locks it and it came undone one day. This sent the car into a ditch and it broke the frame. I sold what was left of it to the junk yard I got the parts from. Later came the Mustang Two. There was this cat that wanted outside. There was also a rainy day. The cat was in the engine and it killed the cat and the water pump when I tried to start the car. After several attempts to fix the water pump and a small funeral for a cat, I gave up on the car.

Since those days, I quit trying to work on cars by myself and I get regular oil changes. Cars last a lot longer these days. If I only knew.

Today's Topic

So, I sit here wondering what to write about today. I drew a blank. It isn't hard to come up with topics but today is different. Some ideas I thought of were how computers evolved from Pong the video game or all the people on television that I out lived. I didn't plan on living this long. Good thing that I believe in afterlife.

Nice thing for me that the title of this work is Ramblings so I'll just ramble. 2012 is an election year and nobody has a job. Do we want to keep our president? He has seen through the war on Terrorism. There are so many things in the politicians hands that need to be fixed after they messed with it. Some things in their cut backs really hurt but they still manage to find ways to cut the rich another break. So, I have nothing in this paragraph to back up what I'm talking about so just dismiss my writing as rambling.

It's easier to write from experience. There was a time when my head was full of topics and things came to me easy. This isn't one of those days. I should have put more time into picking my topics for today but I just went with it. Well, how about this? I managed to put down my three paragraphs and still didn't manage to say a thing today.

My Podcast

In 2011, I was home from work on disability so I started writing three paragraphs and recording them to MP3. They were little stories about some characters I came up with. Bofo was a space trucker and he had a friend named Ferrit. Ferrit was an imaginary talking dog. I would write the paragraphs and make twelve episodes. Then I would make an audio book with the twelve MP3. I made twelve audio books.

There were some free sites. I found a free podcast site. I would change out the MP3 every month and I had the podcast for over a year. There were six subscribers. Then I found a site that would put my podcast audio books on iTunes and Amazon.com. There was also a site that would sell T-shirt I made from the album covers. You could also buy the CD's. I also used a movie maker to put pictures to them and I put them on YouTube. Then I found the public domain archives one day while I was looking for free movies. There was an upload button so I put every thing there. One of my Ferrit Walk Podcast has twenty downloads.

A year went past and I quit the Ferrit Walk podcast. Now I just type three paragraphs and put them up in the public domain archives. I guess every on needs a hobby.

Laundry Day

I took the dogs out first thing in the morning and then had my cereal. Then, I put some music on the television. There is a channel that plays seventies music. Music was playing as I made my way to the hallway and I started stuffing colors in the machine. Some soap and softener were added and the machine was turned on. Water started running.

It's Saturday and time to wash clothes. Shirts and pants sat there with towels and seemed to wait their turn for some attention. This happens every weekend. They need to get into the dryer before they start getting moldy. Then they get folded and put away.

Another Saturday and another wash day. The music is good and it does leave me with time to think and write. I look forward to laundry day. I enjoy it.

Flame

Every now and then, I daydream of turning off all the lights and TV and lighting candles. I could just sit in the shadows and listen to music. How peaceful that would be. If only I could go to a place like that on a regular basis.

I have a gas stove. Putting on the water to boil make me feel good. Spaghetti for dinner? Nice. I have some time before the water boils to sit and listen to music. Then I put on another pan to heat the sauce. The flames dance like cheer leaders making steam and sending boiling bubbles to the top.

There's an electric heater. It looks like a fireplace. Lighting up glowing fake logs with lights that dance and the heater takes off the chill in the room I like to warm up in the glow.

Water

As I sit here sipping a fresh brewed cup of coffee, I think about the water that was heated and filtered to make my morning elixir. After I switched from my favorite drink which was coke to water, pounds started coming off my bathroom scale. Water isn't just for drinking.

The dishes and laundry would start piling up and I would fill the sink and washer. A splash of soap and some time would get them clean again. My favorite dish is my coffee cup.

And there is the shower. I would step in, check the temperature and get myself wet. Would I sing or talk to God? Or would I just soap up, shampoo and get out? On an odd day, I might visualize black negative energy being washed away down the drain. Out of nine planets in the solar system, we are two thirds covered with water. Then it rains some days. At times I think I might be the only person that takes time in the rain instead of rushing. This started when I had this job where some of it was outside. If it rained, I still had to do my job so I never let rain bother me. Ahh water.

More Rain

When I woke up this morning, I went to take out the dogs but they wouldn't go. It was raining. There was coffee and I went online to try and find someone to chat with. No one was online so I went to my writing software. This is page twenty six.

It was still raining. I can hear the tapping of water on the roof and windows. Then I put on some music. The rain will let up soon and I'll take out the dogs.

More rain? I might as well just put some music on and relax. This might turn out to be a very long day.

So

So I sit around and listen to music. The TV is on and I don't even know what is on. Stepping out with the dogs every now and then, I get some air. Now and then I think of memories of my lives before. There is a lot in my past. I lived a full life.

So I sit and type for a creative outlet and I enjoy making up little stories. Today I missed my morning typing time with coffee so I am making up for it late at night tonight. Two computers walked into a library. One said "Email." The other said "Fax." The librarian said, "Shush! People are trying to read."

So do I just make up a story or relive a memory? How about if I remember a story? A man got his son a kit called robot juggler. He put it together wrong so he took it apart and tried again the next day. It took him several days but he finally got it to work. When I run into a problem I can't fix today, I tell myself I can try again tomorrow robot juggler.

Drama

My home life is a lot to talk about but I don't really want to drag people through the mud. The people I live with just made a scene and I kept my mouth shut. It always blows over after a few moments. It's not impossible to keep a good outlook and for me to stay positive but it is a struggle.

So, I took a deep breath and made some coffee. It's five in the evening and I missed another morning to write my three paragraphs. The coffee is good. Also, I know God is up to something nice. It will be worth the wait.

Then the phone rang. A isn't talking to B and B is rushing off to C to put some food on the table. B is in tears and on the way to help C. I saw the whole thing unfold. Ahhh drama. I know it will all blow over and I can try again to have a nice day tomorrow. Life goes on. It all blew over.

Page Twenty Nine

I wake up and eat my cereal then take out the dogs. Then I fire up the computer and see who's up for some chit chat. After that, I open up the word processor and type my three paragraphs. The coffee is good.

This is page twenty nine. I am not sure how many pages before I quit this one and put it in the public domain archives. If I quit, I will probably miss it and start another one so on I go. And on I go.

Ten people downloaded my last work. That's more then I thought would read it. Every now and then, I look up the download count and I'm always amazed how many people actually read my work. There are many things I like about public domain. It's free and they have old movies. I took the liberty of downloading Flash Gordon and a bunch of others and this is a way of giving back.

One More Day

My life isn't perfect. It has a lot to be desired. I wake up, do my chores including taking out the dogs and doing the little things the wife want's me to do. Then I eat and make some coffee. Now I get to sit here and type my three paragraphs.

Rambling on, when I put in for social security, it took a couple years of appealing. When I finally did get it, they went back in time and the paid me for years back. It was a nice sum of money and we were able to pay off the trailer and the car. All the is left to deal with is drama from the wife.

I believe in God. I pray that he will give me the lords love and grace and the will to put up with people. I use the Lord's love when I fell personalities are an obstacle to work around. Lord, I pray to give me strength to put up with people one more day.

Boogie

While I'm sitting here listening to some disco music, I wondered how many times I would hear the word “Boogie”? The 70's had a lot of good music and I have been listening to it for the past month. I remember hearing most of those songs on the radio when I was a child. My father had some records I would listen to. He had America, Jimmy Hendrix, Simon and Garfunkel, and The Beatles. My music education was well rounded.

In the 80's, I liked Alan Parsons Project, 'Til Tuesday, Journey, and Chicago. The tapes would play until the tape player would eat them and then I would get good at fixing tapes. I would watch MTV and see the music videos of the bands I liked. Then one day, they started playing rap music. I found something else to do.

Now the year is 2012. I am on my 40's. I still like to listen to music and I found these music channels on the TV. They had 90's, 80's, and 70's. I put on the 70's and I listen to disco while I type my three paragraphs. Boogie down my readers.

Life Before Computers And Smart Phones

I used to live in a big truck. There was a bed and a television with a VCR player. After about five hundred miles in a day, I would stop the truck at a truck stop and get a meal. There were pay phones and I would get a prepaid phone card and call my mom or my wife.

Then I would go back out to the truck and watch a movie. When the movie was over, I would check my maps and plan my trip. After setting my alarm clock, I would hit the sheets.

In the morning, I would get out and walk around the truck and visually check for problems with lights and tires or other problems that needed to be fixed before I go. Then I would get out my DOT log book and change my status to driving.

I found there audio books on cassette and I would listen while I drive. There was even the Bible on cassette and I listened to the New Testament. Now I listen to my music library on mp3 while I look back and think of things to type on my computer so I can upload to public domain archives.

Another Morning

I got up and took the dogs out then made coffee while eating breakfast. I got the computer and got ready to sit down and type. Then, as I was sitting down I had to scoot the animals off my seat. So I would scoot the cat and puppy and they would come back.

Shoo, puppy, I need the seat so I can type my three paragraphs. Shoo puppy, I am glad you are learning to type so one day you can take over for me. There are till paragraphs to type.

Shoo cat. I know my seat is warm and it's been cold this week. I know my lap is warm and you like it warm. Think warm thoughts. I have an idea, let the puppy keep you warm. So the puppy and the cat are snuggling. I like rambling, it gives me a lot of writing freedom.

Done With Rambling

I decided to quit writing for a while. I started wondering what my day would be like if I skipped writing my three paragraphs. There is enough in this work that I can put it up on line. What would my days be like if I didn't run to the computer after my chores were done? I guess I will find out.

Thinking about the days before computers, I call it the stone age. Who knows? I just might call my mom more. Thank you for reading.